

## A PAGE OF FUN AND FROLIC IN PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS

## Just Folks

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## AT THE STATION.

Down at the station they used to wait,  
All lined up at the railroad gate—  
Mother and father and cousin Jane,  
Searching the track for the coming train,  
Grandpa and Grandma and all the pack,  
Waiting to welcome a wanderer back.

Then never one of us went away  
In the summer time, for a few weeks' stay,  
But when he was sure of a rousing din  
And a greeting warm when the train pulled in;  
Oldest to youngest would be in wait  
To welcome him at the station gate.

I've stood in the line myself and know  
The splendid thrill of that fine "hello!"  
And the laughter glad and the rush to be  
The first of that anxious flock to see  
The wanderer quitting the railroad train,  
Safe and sound in the town again.

I've been the traveler, too, and I  
Have seen the light in the mother's eye,  
And the father's smile, and the brother's grin  
And his rush to carry my suitcase in,  
And I know the depth of the joy it means  
To play a part in those station scenes.

Now the line has thinned and there's few to wait  
To watch for me at the railroad gate,  
But I know some day in the distant years  
When my soul in the other realm appears,  
The oldest to youngest once more I'll see  
Eagerly waiting to welcome me.

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

FOR MONTHS and months  
I'VE BEEN so fed up  
ON PEGGY Joyce  
THAT EVERY day  
WHEN I sit down  
TO WRITE these lines  
SHE COMES to mind  
AND THEN I search  
FOR SOME excuse  
TO WRITE of her  
BUT IT never comes  
AND IT worries me so  
THAT HERE and now  
I'M GOING to say  
I WISH they'd do something  
WITH PEGGY Joyce  
AND TAKE her away  
WHERE THERE is no cable  
OR TELEGRAPH wire  
OR RADIO  
FOR I'M very sure  
THAT THE most of us  
DON'T CARE a hang  
WHAT PEGGY does  
AND I'M very sure  
THAT THE most of us  
DON'T BELIEVE the half  
THEY SAY of her

AND FOR myself  
I AM very sure  
THAT THERE are times  
WHEN MY sympathy  
GOES OUT to her  
FOR I know very well  
SHE CAN'T be as bad  
AS THEY say she is,  
AND SO I'm sorry  
FOR PEGGY Joyce,  
IN SPITE of the fact  
IT'S HER own fault  
THEY PICK on her  
BUT NEVERTHELESS  
I'M TIRED of her  
AND IT'S getting so  
SHE SPOILS my breakfast  
WHEN IN some new pose  
I GAZE on her  
AND I'D like to ask  
ALL THE editors  
TO LEAVE her alone  
AND FORGET about her  
AND LET her go back  
TO CLEOPATRA  
FOR CLEO'S dead  
AND HER mother's dead  
AND NO one cares  
WHAT THEY say of her



I THANK you.

Abe Martin



## LittleBenny's Note Book

By Lee Pope

Yesterday pop bawled home a big package and stuck it in back of the door in the hall, me saying, 'Wats that, pop?' and him saying, 'Not touch so far but it has possibilities, and after supper I was doing my lessons in the setting room and wishing I was finishing them instead of just starting them, and ma was darning holes out of socks, and all of a sudden one of the faintest smells I ever smelt started to come up from down stairs, me saying, 'Good nite, pew, holey smocks, wats that?'

Goodness gracious, pew, it seems to be down stairs, sed ma, and I sed, 'Pops down in the kitchen, wats he doing down there?'

Wich me and ma went down to see, and the soap pot was on the stove and pop was stirring inside it with a long stick and the smell was fearless on account of being so much closer, me saying, 'W's Willyum, for land sakes Willyum, pew, A little home brew, meely that and nothing more, theres nothing to get heated about, sed pop, and ma sed, 'But Willyum, that stufte not

## MUTT AND JEFF—Jeff Could Sell Bridges in the Sahara Desert

By Bud Fisher



## POLLY AND HER PALS—To See Is to Act With Newwah

By Cliff Sterrett



## BARNEY GOOGLE—It's No Money to Barney Now

By Billy De Beck



## Breakfast Table Wit

fit to drink unless its made by an expert.

Well, this is being made by an expert, just wait till you taste it, sed pop, and ma sed, 'Everybody that waits till I taste it never had a longer wait in their life, and Willyum, it smells so terrible, pew.'

It was a little aroma, I admit, but it dont smell half as bad as that Chinese incense (Gladys was burning around her last week to your grate joy, sed pop, and ma sed, 'No, it dont smell half as bad, it smells 4000 times worse, wats will the neighbors think? and pop sed, 'Theres not a nayber in the block with snuff-branes to think, it'll be glad to move any time.'

Wats the use fawking to you? sed

ma. Meaning no use, and she quick put up the kitchen window, saying, 'Let it stay up all nite, and pop sed, 'How about berglers? and ma sed, 'No bergler could stand it. And she went up stairs agen, me staying down and watching pop till I had to go to bed, not minding the smell so much after I got used to it, proving what you can get used to.'

'This fellow, skinner, tried to tell me that he has had the same automobile for five years and has never paid a cent for repairs on it,' said the fat man. 'Do you believe that?'

'I do,' replied the thin man sadly. 'I'm the man who did his repair work for him.'

She had studied all the modern fads, and was rather amused at the latest theory about kissing. Doctors said it was most unhygienic and dangerous. Finding herself alone with a rather silent young man, she mistook his silence for shyness.

'Do you think kissing dangerous?' she asked.

'Terribly,' he answered.

'Why? What can it produce?'

'Marriage,' he snapped.

'How did you know it was a rattlesnake, Jimmy?' asked his father skeptically.

'I could hear its teeth chattering the minute it saw me.'

'The following letter from an incipient distiller to a company offering electric washing machines for sale might be taken to indicate that vendors of washing machines

are overlooking a fertile field," reports the Howell County Gazette.

'The letter says: "Puritan, Mo. Dear Sir: your masheen she look good to me. How many galons will it cost to put pipe for cooling. Does she work on wheat or barley or corn. You work great bluff on wash masheen. I laf. You let me know what it take to fix me up."

## CASEY THE COP—Yep! He Is!!

By H. M. Talburt



## "THAT LITTLE GAME"—By B. Link

